

THE LILY.

A LADIES' JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE AND LITERATURE.

Published Monthly.—TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year in Advance

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1851.

NO. 12.

For The Lily.

AWAKE.

BY MISS F. M. THOMAS.

Let the day star brightly glowing,
Now when the night is throwing
Light divine :—
From the clouds of darkness breaking—
Mind from torpid slumbers waking—
Errors chain,
That for ages past has fettered
All her golden powers, lies shattered
By her might.
Rouse thee! 'tis no time for sleeping;
Wake! and grateful vigils keeping,
Bless the light :—
As its beams still brighter, proving
That the day is onward moving.
Watch and pray :
Hark, as night's dark veil uncloses,
Every truth that day discloses,
Free for ages :—
Free from servile fear of betters—
Free from all that cramps and fetters
Reason's might.
Shew no more to man's opinion,
Nor of ancient synod's minion,—
True to right,
Yet each phantom chase not idly,
Lest a lead thee erring widely.
Ere than trust,
By the laws to nature given,
By God's will revealed from Heaven,
All things test.
Though they woo thy favor warmly,
Try them by thy reason calmly,
Firm and sure.
Errors only, tests demolish,
Handling roughly will but polish
Truth all pure.

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

The gloomy night is breaking,
E'en now the sunbeams rest.
With a faint, yet cheering radiance,
On the hill-tops of the West.

The mists are slowly rising
From the valley and the plain,
And a spirit is awaking,
That shall never sleep again.

And ye may hear that listen,
The spirit's stirring song,
That surges like the ocean,
With its solemn bass along.

"Ho! can ye stay the Rivers,
Or bind the wings of Light,
Or bring back to the Morning,
The old departed Night?"

"Nor shall ye check my impulse,
Nor stay it for an hour,
Until earth's groaning millions
Have felt my healing power."

That spirit is Progression,
In the vigor of its youth;
The foeman of Oppression,
And its armor is the Truth.

Old Error with its legion,
Must fall beneath its wrath;
Nor blood, nor tears, nor anguish,
Will mark its brilliant path.

But onward, upward, heavenward,
The spirit still will soar,
Till PEACE and LOVE shall triumph,
And FALSEHOOD reign no more.

WHY DOES NOT THAT CLERGYMAN SIGN THE PLEDGE?

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

A minister of the Gospel sat in a cozy study, which overlooked a pleasant prospect on the Jersey shore. He had written his text, and one paragraph, and was gently rubbing his forehead with the forefinger of his left hand, waiting for a thought.

His young niece was filling a reticulated aperture, commonly called a darn, in his stocking.—She rose occasionally with a light step to sweep the ashes on the hearth, but at the time of which I speak, her attention was attracted by the jingling of approaching sleigh-bells. They stopped at the gate, a lady was announced, and soon a well dressed stranger entered.

The Pastor received her with courtesy, and she sat down.

There are times when the commonplaces of life utterly fail, when even to say "a very pleasant or cold day, madam," jars on some string of sentiment or feeling. So it was, in this case.—The pastor cast his glance on the lady, with a silent air of respectful inquiry, and Mary's needle made quick movements, while the rustle of the stranger's silk dress sounded loud in the silence.

Mary would have retired, but the visitor said, "You can stay, my dear;" and then, drawing from her side her delicate handkerchief, she leaned her head, an instant upon it, as if there were tears to wipe away. At length she said:

"I have come, sir, on a singular and embarrassing errand. I wish your assistance to rescue a fellow being from misery. I have a lovely friend, educated, intelligent, warm hearted; a wife and mother. She is happy in all her domestic relations, with an indulgent and wealthy husband, high in his profession. She has commissioned me to call on you."

At this point the stranger paused, while Mary and her uncle bent their heads to catch her lowered and tremulous cadence.

"This friend, so seemingly blessed, and indeed

so beloved is *intemperate*, and we fear (indeed she fears herself) for the life of a beautiful infant, only two months old which is in hourly danger from the intoxication of its mother."

A thrill of astonishment, and almost of terror ran through the veins of her hearers. There was a pause. Mary's needle trembled in her fingers, her uncle gazed at the floor, and the stranger pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"How can I assist you?" said the Pastor, with a sweet tremor in his voice, that told volumes of sympathy.

"My friend wishes to sign the Temperance Pledge," replied the stranger, "and has asked me to call on you for the purpose."

"But how is this?" interrogated the Pastor. Why does she not apply to her own minister?"

"Because replied the stranger, "he takes no interest in the Temperance cause, and has never signed the Pledge. She has heard of your efforts, and feels confidence in your aid and sympathy."

"To-morrow is the New Year," said the Pastor, thoughtfully, say to her, that I will be with her and help her to present her New Year's gift to our Heavenly father."

The stranger gave directions respecting her friend's residence, which was a few miles distant, and departed with the same tender melancholy with which she came.

The next morning Mary and her uncle started on their humane errand; the crisp snow sparkling and crackling as the horse drew their light sleigh over its surface.

Mary wrapped her furs closely about her, seeming to be lost in thought; but she became restless, and at length said:

"Uncle, why does not that Clergyman sign the Pledge?"

The Pastor gave an unnecessary jerk at the reins; he looked up to the sky, the sun dazzled him; round at the landscape it was all ice-glitter; then, resting on Mary's soft eyes, as they peered up among her furs, he said:

"I think, my little girl, that he either is not aware of the miseries of drunkenness, or that he loves to sip his own pleasant glass."

They reached the place of their destination; one of those romantic country seats which stud the outskirts of our more northerly sea port towns. The gay bloom of summer was hidden, but the snow, and frost threw their feathery ornaments over the trees and shrubs that marked the well planned walks.

They were introduced into an apartment graced with the luxuries of wealth; flowers, books, and birds animating the soft repose.

Mary and her uncle drew close to each other, with a sense of awe. They had often gone on errands of mercy, with the Pledge, to the haunts of poverty and ignorance, and there seemed to be a sad but proper keeping with such and drunkenness. They had seen the victim of mania a potu, raving and blasphemous, while his wife and

children shrank in terror; they had seen the tavern reveller pay the last cent which should have gone to clothe his little ones; they had followed the poor reeling sot from the grocer's den, and tried to restore him to his family and heaven; they had seen the bribed elector lying in besotted stupidity, or the poor miserable female driven to stimulants by want and anxiety; but here—drunkenness here, in this soft and perfumed atmosphere! This was beyond belief.

A picture of a clergyman in his robes was suspended from the wall. He gazed benignly and serenely on the creature comforts around him.

"Uncle," said Mary, in a whisper, pointing to the picture, "is that the Clergyman who will not sign the Pledge?"

But the door opened, and a lady entered with an infant in her arms. They were dressed in white, as if for baptism.

"Are you the person," said the Pastor, advancing towards her with the instinct of benevolence, "who desires to give our Heavenly Father a New-Year's Gift, by signing the Temperance Pledge?"

"It is my desire," was the low but firm reply.

Mary's eyes were full of tears, and as the baby held out its little hands with a cheerful utterance, she took it in her arms, and hid her emotion in caresses.

The Pastor spoke in a kind, grave tone, of the responsibilities involved in the step she was about to take. The lady stood humbly before him. He drew from his pocket-book a written Pledge, the lady seated herself at a table, shaded her eyes for an instant, then, with a hand trembling from the effect of shattered nerves, signed her name. The Pastor called God's blessing on the act, and thus was the New-Year's Gift bestowed.

The infant and Mary, and the gowned churchman in the picture, witnessed the scene.

"Uncle," said Mary, drawing a long breath after they re-entered the sleigh, "I wish that kind looking minister in the picture would sign the Pledge!"

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

INTEMPERANCE.

Feminine Suffrage.

At the "Woman's Rights Convention" lately held at Akron, in Ohio, Mrs. Swisshelm, while objecting to several propositions before the Convention, said the women ought to have the right of voting upon the question whether dram-shops should be prohibited or not.

Whatever we may think about the right or expediency of feminine suffrage in general, we cannot object to the proposition here presented by Mrs. Swisshelm. If women be excluded from the polls in all other cases, we think that they ought to be admitted in this. Most objectors to feminine suffrage seem to regard elections merely with reference to officers and their salaries; and with this view of the subject, they gravely ask why women should be interested in the choice of a President, a Governor, a Senator or Representative in Congress, or a member of a State Legislature, or the amount of their pay?—Were these the only points involved, their objection might be well founded. But Legislatures are elected to make laws; judiciaries and executives, to interpret, apply and enforce them, and these laws govern women, as well as men. The essence of freedom is that human beings, of an age rendering them capable of self-government, have the right of making the laws by which they are to be governed, and of exercising their right personally or by deputy, at their discretion. All this being admitted, we cannot comprehend by what moral right women are excluded from elections. Old-fashioned lawyers, who have been educated in the doctrine of the English common law, that married women were *civily dead*, that is, had no rights, were political and social non-entities, might admit the women to the elective right, but would take for granted that the earth would be "swal-

lowed up alive" by the extension of such privilege to *femmes couvertes*. But these same objectors must admit that even married women have some interest in the laws that govern the community, at least so far as such laws are designed to keep married men in order. Have married men an interest in the punishment of rape, adultery, slander, of assault and battery, of burglary?—Women are the exclusive victims of the first, most frequently the victims of the three next, and always, either alone or in common with men, the victims of the last of these crimes. Why then should they not have a voice in legislation for the punishment of the criminals and the redress of the sufferers? Have married women no interest in the right of dower? In the distribution of a deceased husband's property? In the custody of children upon divorce? We think that they have, and therefore think that they should have some voice in making the laws to govern these things. But we shall be told that they would vote under the control of their husbands, and therefore that the right in their hands would lead to no other practical result than giving to each married man the right to vote twice.—Even if this were true, as men, according to Dr. Franklin, in marrying, give bond to society for their good behavior, they can be better trusted with two votes than single men. But as husbands and wives do not always agree in everything, we should doubtless have quite as many independent and intelligent votes from the latter, as from the former. And it would confine conventions and nominating committees to the selection of candidates of good moral character, as the only ones who could obtain feminine votes; and this would certainly be an improvement in the politics of Pennsylvania, if not of States farther South.

But the objectors, alarmed by independent voting among married women, will raise the old objection about the disturbances of domestic tranquility. We believe that the right would promote domestic tranquility; for it is much more frequently disturbed by men than by women.—If the latter were armed with legislative power, they would in conjunction with all good husbands and all well disposed single young men, have a majority, and make stringent laws against the disturbers.

But however sound be the objection against the right of suffrage in married women, even the objectors must admit that single women have some interest in the laws by which they are to be governed, and therefore should have a voice in making them. And if single women voted, we doubt not that the majority of single men would be of their party. The objection about disorder at the polls, to the terror of women, is idle; for their presence would shame or soften the worst into comparative good behavior, and improve the behavior of all the rest.

But if women be excluded from the polls in all other cases, we agree with Mrs. Swisshelm in proposing their admission to vote upon license laws. Women are the principal sufferers from intemperance. The poverty, the misery, the disgrace, the cold, the hunger, the rags, the desolation, the unkindness, the insults, the blows, the murders which flow in such awful profusion from the intemperance of husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, fall with heaviest, most crushing force, upon women; upon wives, mothers, daughters, sisters. Who among women that are cursed with an intemperate husband, father, son or brother, would vote against a law to restrict or suppress rum selling? Not one! No! Not one! And how much crime and misery might have been prevented, how many wives would have been saved from premature graves, to which they were hurried by misery or murder, how many children would have been saved from the almshouse, or from growing up to infamy, how many wives and children would have been saved from the anguish of brutal curses and still more brutal blows had women been endowed with the right of suffrage from this question alone, only twenty years ago?

AN ADDRESS

To all the Subordinate Unions of Temperance in the State under the jurisdiction of the North American Grand Union.

SISTERS:—It is time that as individuals, we commence some work. show we are earnest in the cause of ANCE. Let us arouse! We have a name of Daughters of Temperance—worthy of it! It is not alone by a regular attendance at the private meetings of our Union we can exert our true influence upon the temperance reform. There is more, far more that we can do. And shall we remain inactive hundreds, nay thousands of our sister delicate, and dependant, as the women have made them, are victims of the intemperance? Shall we remain inactive, in the drunkard's sordid home, there are suffering toilworn wives, and squalid, hungry children, injured to blows, and fearful curses, and death and want? Ah, shall we remain idle, while our sons, even the fathers whom we honor, are daily exposed to the temptations of the dramshops and bar-room? while the fashionable saloon with its alluring array of viands and liquors tempts them to come within its doors, which are truly "the gates that lead down to death?"—Shall we, the manufacturers, the granters of licenses, the dealers in the liquid poison, walking abroad respected and honored, while their victims tread the downward path to the gutter, the prison, the gallows, and a fearful doom beyond the grave, and yet refrain from using all the influence we possess to arrest the progress of intemperance? No! sisters! by all the associations that cluster around your pleasant homes, by the happy faces of your innocent children, by all that makes life dear, and existence beautiful, by all your hopes of a death-bed, softened by the consciousness of duties fulfilled, and the approval of God, we conjure you arouse, and labor earnestly for the promotion of temperance!

The influence of our sex is limited by existing laws and customs but what we may do let us do cheerfully, unflinchingly, zealously. We cannot vote but we can petition. We can also exert some degree of influence, upon the votes of our husbands, brothers, and fathers.

To the sisters of Temperance Gem Union, No. 110, Deer River, we owe our grateful acknowledgements for having first suggested a plan of operation, whereby we may as an Order, labor to achieve the downfall of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the State of New-York. The plan of operation, as suggested by resolutions passed by the aforesaid Union and modified by suggestions and resolutions from several other Unions is simply this:—That the Subordinate Unions of Daughters of Temperance under the jurisdiction of the N. Y. and N. A. Grand Union, get up and circulate petitions among themselves, and the women of the vicinity of their respective locations, praying the Legislature of the State of New York, to pass an act, forbidding the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits within the State. Also that Subordinate Unions hold public meetings during the present Autumn for women, and men also if they choose, for the discussion of the questions bearing upon the temperance reform, for addresses, and for the presentation of the petitions for signatures. Also that Daughters of Temperance use their influence with their male relations and friends, to induce them to vote for those men alone for members of the legislature, who are known to be favorable to the advancement of temperance.

SISTERS:—We have now laid before you the essential features of the plan, and it remains with you to decide whether you will co-operate in its execution. That you will circulate petitions, we doubt not; but we also desire that you bring the energies of your warm hearts, and cultivated

...this reform. Call meetings. ... about the question. Be not a ... God-given powers of thought in ... It is time that American women ... to a realization of the broad field of ... responsibilities, lying beyond, ... the kitchen, the nursery, and the ... by assuming which, she need ne ... that makes home the center of all ... Should she ever attain her true elevation, ... God grant she may speedily, there will ... corresponding elevation of thought and ac ... the Homes of America. Let Daughters ... ance, as an organization, come up to ... stance of those noble women, who have ... pioneers in the great work of female eman ... ion. By following out the features of the ... proposed above, they will be taking an im ... step toward the desired consummation of ... hopes of every true woman, and unprejudic ... right thinking man.

Unions wishing further information in regard ... plan, can refer to either of the following ... mittee.

OSWEGO.

Mary C. Vaughan,
Julia B. Clarke.

DEER RIVER.

Lucy A. Sylvester,
Amelia Hulbert,

ROCHESTER.

H. Atilia Albino,
Susan B. Anthony.

LETTER TO MOTHERS, NO. 2.

Our Babies.

There seems to be a general idea that every ... man knows by instinct, how to take care of her ... ang. Unfortunately, the All-wise did not leave ... the brutes, to mere instinct. He meant ... should be governed by reason, that we should ... are from observation and experience the laws ... infant life and health. But woman being too ... nstant or indolent to use her reason, and too ... rverted or artificial to have true instincts, is ... own back upon tradition; and if you will but ... ance at some of the traditions in regard to ba ... es, you will feel no surprise at the fearful mor ... lity as shown by statistics.

Look at yonder baby now one month old: only ... how he riggles and twists, cries and gasps. ... Why does he not sleep quietly all day and night ... like the puppy or kitten in the wood-house? ... Why, the mothers of puppies and kittens under ... and the laws of nature, but the mothers of men ... do not! No other young animal could have lived ... rough the treatment that writhing baby has, in ... ain and agony, so long endured at the hands of ... mitted folly—but I'll tell you what ails it. It ... not a kind of "colic," that Providence visits on ... young babies. It is not an unsatisfied craving ... or food; it is not a love of perpetual motion; ne ... ither is it a malicious desire on the part of the ... hild, to revenge itself on its dignified, though ... ighted tormentors. No! the child is simply, ... e the toad in the tea kettle, "dreadful uncom ... ble." It seems, that the whole faculty of ex ... enced nurses have decided that a "young ba ... must be pinned up tight and snug," because, ... they, "their bones are so soft, or they are so ... ntely made altogether, that they need sup" Common sense would teach us that for ... very reason, the least pressure must be high ... rious.

Again, they say, their lungs are too sensitive ... to inhale the pure air. It is only fit for infant ... ngs when mixed with poisonous exhalations from ... in unhealthy nurse and mother, well heated up ... by a sheet iron stove, or perfumed by a tallow ...andle. But reason tells us, the more sensitive ... e lungs, the greater the need of a pure atmos ... here. Again, with them, feeding is the pana ... for every ill; and if you will but let the old

nurse sit in her rocking chair in the chimney ... corner, bathe your baby in a pint of warm water, ... bandage it up like a bale of dry goods, then feed, ... trot, rock, and dose it all day, and carouse with it ... all night, why you will have a cross, sick baby of ... course; and prove yourself, what you really are, ... an ignorant woman, and unworthy of your sac ... ed charge as mother.

No woman has a right be to a mother, until ... she understands the nature and wants of a child— ... its organization, and the laws of its being. To do ... this, let me recommend every woman to purchase ... Coombe's work on Infancy. He gives minute ... ructions for bathing, dressing and feeding, and ... gives you the reason for all he tells you. The ... price of this work is One Dollar. Few women ... will hesitate to give this for a yard of lace, but ... the idea of giving a dollar for *directions to take ... care of a baby—how ridiculous!!* Our grand-mo ... thers, say they, had no books on babies, and just ... see what large families they had. Yes, but ... your grand-mothers wore short waists, slept in ... cold rooms, had no stoves in their houses, and liv ... ed simply. But as a general thing they killed ... one half their children in infancy, and in many ... cases entailed a life of suffering on the rest. If ... they had understood the laws of health, we ... should see a much larger, stronger, and more ... beautiful race of men and women, than we now ... have.

If the mass of women could be convinced that ... they are wholly unfit for the business of bearing ... and training children, there might be some hopes ... of improvement in the human family. In my ... whole circle of acquaintance, I do not know one ... dozen mothers who have reduced "baby tend ... ing" to a science; and what is the result? Look ... at the pale, peevish, sickly, half-developed group ... that gather round your hearth-stone! For all ... the sickness and suffering we see, there is guilt ... somewhere: and we need not go back to Ad ... am to find its author. The mother who has the ... sick child, is the guilty one. In future, instead ... of talking of the mysterious ways of Providence, ... pray enlarge on the sin of ignorance. My heart ... aches for the babies, they are at the mercy of ... such hopeless folly. Not long since I saw a lit ... tle baby three months old, sitting up as straight, ... as if it had swallowed a ram rod. I took the child ... and felt it, and found it dressed as I supposed, ... "as tight as a drum." I expostulated and beg ... ged the mother to loosen the child, but no! if, ... said she, "I dress it loose, I cannot keep its waist ... smooth." It had on a beautiful worked dress, ... which in the mother's eye, was of much more ... importance than the child. Silly mothers too oft ... en sacrifice their children to their rags. They ... will do all in their power to prevent their creep ... ing, because they must necessarily soil so many ... clothes in the operation. It is a great feat for a ... baby to creep, and the longer it is kept at it the ... better; yet you seldom find a mother who likes ... this sort of locomotion.

It is useless to talk to such weak sisters, and ... yet I cannot help now and then petitioning for ... these innocent sufferers. I have a great mind to ... carry my petitions to some higher source, and ap ... peal to the wise *Fathers* of our land,—to those ... especially who in this degenerate age of woman's ... rights, still claim the right to command their own ... households—whose word is law in parlor, nurse ... ry and kitchen. I do wish each one of you, Fa ... thers, would turn aside from the affairs of state ... long enough to lay down a code of laws for babies. ... The enlargement of waists, brains and lungs, is ... quite as important, as that of canals, roads, rivers ... and harbors. If you wish vigorous, well formed ... children, you must see that the baby is loosely ... dressed, that it sleeps on a hard bed, on an even ... surface, with head uncovered. It should be fed ... but once in three hours during the day, and not ... at all at night. The air of its room should be ... pure, and the blessed sunshine should be in it. ... It should be buried in cold water every day, and ... have cold water to drink. Infants suffer from ... thirst, yet I have seen many, six, seven, and

eight months old, who had never tasted of a drop ... of water. In case of colic, instead of forcing ... the poor baby to run the gauntlet of all the pre ... scriptions of every old woman in the neighbor ... hood, by dosing it with brandy, paragoric, cam ... phor, sweet flag, peppermint, and cat mint teas, ... just strip it, and hold it in a tub of warm water for ... a few minutes, then after a brisk rubbing, dress, ... and lay it in its crib, cover it up warm, open a ... crack in the window, take the light and leave the ... baby alone, if sleepy. If it cries moderately for ... fifteen minutes, no matter; this is the only way ... the child has for exercising its lungs. Better, ... far, like the child of the Hindoo, be thrown un ... der the car of Juggernaut, or cast into the Gan ... ges, and thus killed at once, than subject to the ... slow torture of civilized life. I know you men ... have had an inkling that all is not as it should be. ... You feel the wrong in your flabby muscles, and ... drowsy brains; you see it in your puny, ill-form ... ed sons; and whenever you hear of a woman's ... convention, of a woman speaking in public, or ... claiming the right to vote, you always cry *ba ... bies!!* as much as to say, you women had bet ... ter understand domestic economy, before you ... meddle in political affairs. I think so too; and I ... hope when you extend the elective franchise to ... woman, you will exclude by a special act, all sick ... women, and mothers of puny children; for if ... they have failed to inform themselves on ques ... tions where their strongest affections might be ... supposed to rest, depend upon it, they would not ... be apt to have very enlightened opinions on con ... stitutional law, governmental relations, or public ... improvements. We claim that our civil govern ... ment will never be what it should be, until there ... is a due infusion of the feminine element into its ... councils. Even so with domestic government; we ... must not leave all to mere chance here. Man, ... with his sound judgment, scientific research, ... and deep philosophy, must take cognizance of ... his social relations, to make the human family ... what God intended it should be. E. C. S.

LIVE NOT FOR THYSELF ALONE.—God has ... written upon the flowers that sweeten the air, up ... on the breeze that refreshes the spring, on moss, ... that lifts its head in the dust, upon the ocean that ... rocks every swimmer upon its deep chamber, up ... on every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns ... of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun ... that warms and cheers millions of creatures that ... live in its light—upon his works he has written: ... "None of us lives to himself." And, probably, ... were we wise enough to understand these words, ... we should find there is nothing, from the cold ... stone in the earth, to the minutest creature that ... breathes, which may not in some way or other, ... minister to the happiness of some living creature. ... We admire and praise the flower that best an ... swers the end for which it is created, and the ... tree that bears fruit the most rich and abundant. ... The star that is most useful in the heavens we ... admire the most.

And is it not reasonable that man, to whom the ... whole creation, from the flower up to the span ... gled heavens, all minister—Who has the power ... of conquering the deep misery and higher happi ... ness than any being on earth—man, who can act ... like God if he will—is it not reasonable that he ... should live for the noble end of living—not for ... himself, but for others?

Henry Bolding the much talked of fugitive ... slave, has returned to New York, a free man.

In the county of Forsyth, Ohio, there is ... not a single dram-shop, poor-house, or prison!

Miss Mary Legare, sister of the former At ... torney General of the U. S. is engaged in the ... lumber trade at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and ad ... vances to supply any amount of building material, ... boat plank, &c.

EQUALITY OF RIGHTS TO WOMAN. NO. 5.

"Governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." In a republic like ours, this principle can be practised only by insuring to each individual the liberty of voting for representatives, and at the same time, an eligibility to any and every representative position. That is what we understand by equality of political privileges.—Whatever place any citizen may obtain, he never gains anything more, and he cannot have less, except he forfeits his right by crime, or is for a short time abridged of them by change of residence, or other like temporary circumstance.—The privileges are subject to no test of property, religion, or morals, or mental, or bodily ability. According to the present constitution of the State of New-York, such is the general standard of political equality. But notwithstanding this liberality, there are two classes of exceptions, which together include more than one half of the adult citizens of the State, who are excluded from any representative voice in the control of government. The one class are subject to a property test, and the other absolutely shut out. The most privileged of the two, are male citizens "of color," who are adjudged to compensate fully to society for that "color," by owning two hundred and fifty dollars worth of unencumbered real estate, being rated therefor, and paying taxes thereon. This appears to be the only political disability provided as consequent to color. And there seems to have been some misgivings of conscience that this was too great a departure from the principle that taxation and representation should go together, for they have in the same article apparently to make up for this disability, awarded a bonus to "color" without the usual discrimination of sex.

It is provided that "no person of color shall be subject to direct taxation" unless he be the owner of the above-mentioned amount of real estate; thereby allowing this class of persons, who have not the specified amount of real estate, to hold personal property, to an unlimited extent free from taxation. Most capitalists, whether of large or moderate means, would consider this a privilege more than sufficient to counter-balance the absolute right of suffrage. If such a provision had been extended to the children of Israel, it might have claimed the credit of being a master-stroke of policy, to bring capital into the State, or to secure ultimately here the location of the New Jerusalem.

With the other class of these exceptions, no amount of property, no degree of virtue, no circumstance of character, or condition, are treated as sufficient to make up to society for what appears to be considered an irremediable misfortune. They are allowed no voice in the representation, and no privilege of assenting, or dissenting to the action of the government, any more than the serfs of Russia, or the slaves of South Carolina. In this case the disciples of freedom entirely overlooked the great principles that taxation and representation should go together, unless the ladies "of color" are exempt from that burden on their personal property when they are not the owners of sufficient real estate to have made them voters provided they had been so fortunate as to have come fully up to the only other test, which the constitution has affixed to the right of suffrage. It is however no part of my purpose to criticise this peculiar exemption, or even to inquire whether it was made as a compliment to the color, or the sex, or both, or for what other wise end. My business is with this question: Why should women be excluded from an equality of political rights? That they always have been, only answers the question, why they are, but furnishes no good reason why they should be. True they have not in form, perhaps, petitioned for such privileges, nor does that furnish an argument against them. It is not common for the oppressed to do so, as long as they are indoctrinated in the faith that their condition

is nothing more nor less than what has been marked out either by Heaven, or an over-ruling necessity. Besides, it is not a question which concerns the disfranchised alone. It is impossible for society to perpetrate gross injustice on any considerable portion of its members, without suffering more, or less in all its parts.

To those who use the argument that they are the weaker sex, we might give some credit for sincerity, if they had been as liberal in bestowing favors as they have been in imposing burdens. As it is, they are like the strong man who uses his strength to throw the load on his weak companion and justifies his conduct on the ground of the latter's weakness, at the same time depriving him of all adventitious aids, which might make him more able to carry. This argument of weakness, whether it be true or not, has no point, or force, for our constitution recognizes no such test. The giant and the pigmy, the most brilliant of intellect and the most miserable dolt, are alike privileged in political rights.

That it would be exposing them to temptation and vice, and result in corrupting and debasing their morals to a level with those of politicians, partakes still more of insincerity and absurdity.—It is difficult to perceive how the rights of citizenship would increase their exposure to the corrupting influences of these gentlemen politicians. However, if they always manifested the same sensitive regard for the purity of female character, at the corners of the streets and elsewhere, they might claim good faith to themselves in the argument, and humanity would be spared from many a mournful spectacle among the deluded victims of vice, as they are hurled wildly along the reckless course of their worthless lives.

I am not prepared to deny but that politicians are as corrupt as they claim to be; but I do deny that there is necessarily, or legitimately any thing in the business of politics, or in the exercise of the rights of citizenship, tending more to vice and corruption, than in any other honest employment, or in the exercise of any other just rights. If so, it tells with equal cogency against the policy of admitting male citizens to political rights, and in favor of abandoning our experiment at self-government and falling back on the divine right of kings. Those who entertain such a sentiment must have drawn their political prepossessions more from the schools of monarchy, than the study of our own institutions.

It is true, that the people are oftentimes unfortunate in selecting worthless official agents; and it is equally true that many worthless men hold themselves out to the world, as politicians; and I also believe it to be true that the standard of political morals is far below that of personal, in almost every community. Men oftentimes play their political parts, entirely reckless of the rules of right and wrong, and come off with personal reputation uninjured in public estimation. They could not do the same in any other career; and the reason is, there is a different standard of morality applied as the test to individual worth in that department from what there is in any other.—It is as common for a politician to lie, as it is for an Indian on the prairies to steal; and the one creates no more surprise than the other, and is no more the subject of serious censure. The only rule which seems to have a place in the moral catechism of the politician, is, that every thing is fair in politics; and the only crime known in their criminal code, to be found out in their wickedness, before that wickedness has produced its intended effect. The theft is not the *corpus delicti*—that lies in being detected before the stolen property is profitably disposed of.

But this tax system of political morals can be accounted for much more plausibly than by assuming that it results necessarily from the business itself. It seems to be generally conceded that the personal morals of men in all civilized societies, when they are subjected to the virtuous influences of female opinions, obtain a purer standard, than when they are without the boundaries of such a conservative authority. Hence, men

who were peaceable citizens themselves, savages in the wild.

Now the field of politics is one from which men are shut out. Their influence is felt; as they neither entertain or give opinions, and know very little, if anything, of the subject. Public opinion in that direction is entirely the creation of the male party—a world all their own—a kind of *Canaan*—where the worst propensities of the male race, riot unrestricted by the usual restraints of society.

If this view of the subject be correct, of furnishing an argument against extraordinary rights of citizenship to women, presents reasons of the strongest character, which good men should welcome such an event as a harbinger of an improved condition of political morals.

The other positions occupied in the argument for the continued exclusion of women from the rights of citizenship, are equally frivolous: whether well or ill taken, they are not means decisive of the question, as I intend to show in the proper time. In order to do so understandingly, with a clear view of the subject, it is necessary to fix upon some basis, broad enough to include every point properly within the range of the discussion, and sufficiently definite to exclude every other. As such a basis, I propose this:—That woman is fitted for self-government and that government is fitted for woman. This proposition I will hereafter discuss, and in connection with it, the subject of this article. SENECA.

From the Olive Branch. THE MODEL WIFE.

She don't know a word of French, Italian, or German, never reads anything but hints to Married Women," and "The Cookery Book"—don't play on the piano, don't keep but one girl, don't do half the washing and ironing, makes all the pies, cuts her husband's vests, her own dresses, mends all the stockings, turns her husband's pants inside out and hindside before when they get shabby, does all the marketing, buys the wood and coal, never goes out except Sunday, don't know whether small or big bonnets are worn, keeps awake nights, never sleeps day-times, always looks pretty, never looks tired, wears a smiling face though every bone in her body aches, and presents Mr. Snooks with an heir once a year. Wouldn't speak to any man but her husband for the world—likes to see him talk to all the pretty women. Rocks the cradle and darns the stockings in the forenoon, then—darns the stockings and rocks the cradle in the afternoon!—stays at home in the evening and mends her husband's old trowsers, while he goes to hear Jenn Lind—sits up in the rocking chair half the night nursing young Snooks, for fear it will disturb papa—has a great inward sensation of *goneness* in the morning, nevertheless rises at 5 o'clock, takes out a clean shirt for Mr. Snooks, washes the face and combs the heads of the nine little Snooks, scrubs their *eighteen little dirty hands*, and nurses the baby while papa is shaving, for fear its crying will make him cut his face with the razor. Helps the nine and her husband all breakfast time, then eats a cold egg and some burnt toast while they are gone!

Thinks her husband an *Adonis*—a *Solomon*, *Joseph*—is perfectly willing he should engage himself to be married coming home from her neral, and hopes No. 2 will be more worthy of a treasure than ever she was. [TABITHA.]

A CONTRAST.—"Who is that man, so neatly attired in the extreme of fashion, wending his way to church?" "Oh, he is a rumseller." "Indeed! And pray, who is that poor fellow sprawling in the gutter?" "Why that is his *patron*." I declare, it must be a consoling reflection to the former, to know that he is sustained by a class who cannot sustain themselves!"

LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

NOVEMBER, 1851.

OF THE LILY.

Fourth Volume of THE LILY, will come on the First of January, 1852. It will be devoted to the emancipation of from the crushing evils of Intemperance, which her fondest hopes and most cherished affections have been blasted; from the cruel enactment of Unjust Laws, by which her rights and her inalienable claims to equality have been perverted; from the blighting influence of Prejudice by which she has been denied the privilege of being heard in self-defense; and from the blinding, soul-destroying Bigotry, by which she has been taught to look upon herself, and to be looked upon by the world, as an inferior being in the Great Universe of God. Being dependent upon no party, sect, or organization, and being the sole property of the Editor, it will be independent in the utterance of all its opinions, and will labor more to do right, than to please the fancy or the preconceived opinions of any class or set of readers.

It will contain EDITORIAL ARTICLES designed to promote the objects above set forth; ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS from able and talented Correspondents; and Selections from the Literature of the day, having a bearing upon the objects to which the paper is devoted. Its columns will always be open to the free discussion of all subjects connected with the moral, social, physical, and civil condition of Woman. Tales, and other light literature will also appear in its columns. No pains will be spared, to make THE LILY worthy the confidence and support of all the true friends of Temperance, of Progress, Right and Justice.

It is earnestly hoped that all who approve of the objects to which THE LILY is devoted, will exert themselves to extend its circulation. It is to such that we must look, principally, for support, and for the extension of those principles which we are laboring to disseminate.

THE LILY is published in quarto form, on clean white paper, and fair type. It will be issued on the first of each month, and oftener should the number of subscribers be sufficient to warrant the expense. The Terms are Fifty Cents a-year, for one copy; five copies for \$2.00, and eleven copies for \$4.00; payable invariably in advance. All communications should be addressed—"Mrs. AMELIA BLOOMER, Seneca Falls, N. Y."

SENECA FALLS, Dec. 1851.

From the Art of Living.

THE LOWELL BLOOMER INSTITUTE.

MR. EDITOR.—Some of the women of Lowell, in favor of COSTUME REFORM, and sympathizing with other movements in behalf of WOMANLY INDEPENDENCE, have recently banded together and designated their Union, as "THE LOWELL BLOOMER INSTITUTE." This association was organized Sept. 9th, 1851; and its members will meet for business and social improvement every Wednesday evening, in Nesmith's Building, corner of Merrimack and John streets. The privileges of our Institute, the objects of which are succinctly expressed in the following documents, are accessible to all ladies of worthy character, and progressive spirit.

PREAMBLE.

The education of Woman, is fundamental to that of Man, as well as to the more general culture of human society. This is the first principle of civilization: yet it has been universally overlooked or discarded, and is recognized at the present day only by a few discerning minds. To this glaring fact in the World's history must be

imputed the tardy progress and frequent lapses of the race. Broad is this error of Man, wofully vast are its penalties; and how unduly have they fallen on Woman! Despoiled of her natural liberty, thwarted by masculine caprice, and inured to abuses in the name of law, the sex has become menial in character as well as condition; so that our *desert* of elevation is as often doubted as our *ability* to rise: nor is it the least humiliating part of our degradation, that womanly ambition is frowned down by women themselves!

Impressed by the truth of these sentiments, and awakened to a sense of their unnecessary exemplification in ourselves, as well as emboldened by the efforts of certain noble women in various other parts of our country, we whose names are appended to this document, have resolved to put our influences together,—for a better discovery of our peculiar Interests, a higher development of our faculties, a rational assertion of our individual rights, and a more dignified achievement of our social duties,—as laborers for, and partakers of, the common weal of Humanity. To facilitate the attainment of these ends, and to regulate our proceedings in association, we devise and adopt the following

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. This association shall be named THE LOWELL BLOOMER INSTITUTE.

ARTICLE II. Our co-united objects shall ever be:—1. *Mutual Improvement*,—in Literature, Science, Manners and Morals.

2. *Emancipation* from the thralldom of that whimsical and dictatorial French goddess *Fashion*, and an exemplary enforcement of the *Right and Duty* to dress according to the demands and proffers of *Nature*.

3. Attainment of *Womanly Liberty*, in every sense of this term.

By order of the Institute.

Mrs. S. H. Young, Pres.

Mrs. C. T. Stearns, Sec.

LOWELL, Mass., Sept. 25, 1851.

We omit from want of room, the remaining five Articles of the Constitution. These are merely official regulations concerning the association. We feel highly honored in having our name given to an organization, which has in view such noble objects as are declared in the second Article of the Constitution. Yet however proud we may be of the honor conferred upon ourselves, our pride is lost in the joy we feel at seeing such a spirit infusing itself into the hearts of our country women, and hearing such sentiments proclaimed by them, as are embodied in the above Preamble. We would that such an association might be organized in every city and village in the Union. It is a cheering sign of the times, to see women banding themselves together, for the mental elevation, and improvement of each other, and of their race, and we see in it an indication of a "better time coming," when woman shall have laid aside her frivolous, objectless life, and attained that position, which, as a responsible, intelligent being, and an heir of immortality, it was designed by her Creator that she should occupy.

We give the Lowell ladies cheer in their noble enterprise, and pray that they may remain steadfast, unwavering in the good work to which they have set their hearts and hands—and they will receive their reward in seeing the results which will follow their labors.

PETITION.

To the Legislature, of the State of New-York:

The undersigned women inhabitants of the town of _____, and county of _____, beg respectfully to represent that in their opinion

nearly, if not all, the pauperism and crime which is spread throughout community, desolating firesides, and destroying the sacred ties of family relations, is directly or indirectly traceable to Intemperance, arising from the unlimited manufacture and sale of ardent spirits. We therefore pray your honorable body to pass, during the present session, such an act as shall forbid the manufacture or sale of ardent spirits within the State, except for medicinal, or mechanical purposes.

The above is the form of Petition adopted by the Daughters of Temperance of this State, and which they design presenting to the legislature at their next session. We have taken the liberty of inserting the word *women* instead of *females*, as in the copy sent us. It is better to designate the *kind* of *females* who wish protection and relief at the hands of our legislature, and we suggest that the word be changed in all the copies to which signatures are obtained.

We mentioned in our last number that the Daughters had determined upon sending a committee to Albany with their petitions. Whether this plan will be carried out or not we are not advised; but we hope it will, if those can be found who will perform their part to the credit of themselves and the cause. There is evidently a more earnest and determined effort being made among women for the overthrow of their great enemy. A more enlightened sense of the wrongs they have endured, and the duty devolving upon them in the matter has aroused them to action, and they will not sleep again till they conquer, or are conquered. Too long have they been trodden in the dust—too long patiently endured the sorrows and deprivations which cruel laws and customs have imposed upon them. Too long have themselves and children suffered from cold, hunger and nakedness—too long been degraded by wrongs heaped upon them by men more savage than human. "Resistance to tyranny is a moral duty," and if women now arise and throw off the yoke of oppression which has so long degraded and enslaved them, it will only be performing a duty which their own and their children's welfare imperatively demands.

It is to be hoped that temperance women in every section of our state, whether "Daughters" or not, will copy this petition, or draw up a similar one, and make a strong effort to get them numerously signed. Let our legislature be flooded with them. We have not much time to call on the ladies of our village for signatures, but we hope there are others who will volunteer to do so. Meanwhile we will have one open at the Post Office, and all who are willing to sign it will do us a favor by calling and adding their names thereto.

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO.

The ladies of Cardiff have taken their rights into their own hands, and set to work in earnest to relieve themselves and families from the curse of intemperance. Wearied with waiting and hoping for protection to come from men, they are driven to the necessity of protecting themselves. They appeared in person before the late grand jury and entered a complaint against the dram-shops, and also against the Overseer of the Poor for neglecting to prosecute rum-sellers on their complaint; and they succeeded in getting both

rum-sellers and Overseer indicted. This is as it should be. If men will continue to imbrute themselves, and degrade their families—if they will spend their time and earnings at the dramshops and thus rob their wives and children of what is justly their due, then if those claiming to be temperance men will not act efficiently to remove this great evil, it is time that women take the matter into their own hands and try what they can do. We sometimes think that it is from woman that the death blow to the traffic will come. If this be so, then the sooner she goes about her work the better it is for her, and for all mankind. Too long already has she slumbered. The yawning vortex has swallowed her treasures one after another, and instead of putting forth her arm to save them, she has only wrung her hands and cried. Tears are of no avail—persuasion is of but little use. They rush madly on, and she must interpose some stronger power or they are lost, forever lost. The tempter must be slain—the fascinating maddening bowl placed beyond the reach of the poor victim of appetite. If man with all power and the laws in his own hands, cannot, or will not wage the war of extermination, then let woman—all powerless and without law, prepare herself for the battle. It is cheering to see her thus buckling on her armor and preparing for the crusade. May she not lay it aside or falter in her duty till the fight is ended and the victory won. She has a strong foe to contend against—a mighty army of lawless, cruel, and blood thirsty warriors, but let her put her trust in the God of battles and go forth strong in faith, with the assurance that she has Right and Truth as her defence. As David with the smooth stone smote Goliath so that he died, so may woman in her feebleness, if she will, smite this monster of evil so that he shall be no more able to rise again to slay and destroy. All hail! to the women of Cardiff. They are of the right stamp to send with our petitions to Albany. May the example they have set be followed by others in every section of our rum polluted land.

OSWEGO, Nov. 16th 1851.

Dear Mrs. BLOOMER:—I am glad that my letter published in your Oct. number, called forth so many remarks on Woman's influence in the Temperance cause. I think your Lily, purporting as it does, to be a "Ladies' Journal, devoted to Temperance and Literature," has been for the past few months, too silent upon the Temperance reform; and particularly upon woman's appropriate sphere of labor in carrying out that reform. I think the sex should be most earnestly exhorted, and that continually, to do what little lies in their power, for the furtherance of temperance principles. There are many, I doubt not, ardent in the cause, who by a sense of the inefficiency of their utmost allowed efforts, are restrained from doing any thing; but there are others, who, not content to allow, passively, the dire curse to work its evils upon community, wreath the wine cup with their brightest smiles as they present it to their gentlemen friends, all unmindful or careless of the probable consequences. The backward need encouraging, and the fair hand-maids of Intemperance, should not only be warned of the effects of their culpable folly, but scourged by the indignant pen of every journalist, who makes the least pretence to the advocacy of temperance principles. A great deal has already been said and written upon the subject; but while the practice of social drinking

still exists, and beautiful and accomplished women are not ashamed to help the rum-seller manufacture drunkards, the time to cease talking and writing about it has surely not arrived. If we can do little toward sweeping intemperance from the land, we can at least refrain from helping on its desolating progress.

We must warn, exhort, and beseech our sex, to discountenance practices which may by any means lead men to an unrestrained indulgence in intoxicating drinks. No sense of our powerlessness to accomplish fully a great work, should deter us from doing our little all toward that accomplishment. Every act, every word, has its influence. Every "thought-track," we make upon the pages of the Lily has its influence; and we have at least a right to hope its legitimate influence. And till we are allowed to advance this and other reforms through the ballot-box, let us not cease doing what we can. I grant the inefficiency of female temperance organizations toward staying the desolating tide of the ocean of drunkenness. But they help on the work of self-improvement, which must be the stepping stone to reach our elevation to the rights of citizenship. Women acquire a little of the self-reliance they so much need, in those associations; they learn to transact business; and they gain the power of arranging their ideas, and putting them into words and of talking on subjects of importance and interest.

I am glad to see that I have called out a response from "Aunt Fanny's" pen; but I trust nothing in my Oct. letter gave her, or any of your readers to understand that I only thought it right for woman to vote on the temperance question and no other. The same influences and arguments which convinced me of her right to vote on that question, convinced me as well of her right to vote on all others, for all things that affect the public weal. When I set down the remark that I had no ambition at present to vote except for Temperance, I merely implied, or intended to imply, that on no other topic were my feelings and energies so truly and deeply enlisted.

Every day convinces me more and more of woman's right to the elective franchise, and I would demand no half concession of her rights. If we are to vote at all, let it be for every thing in which, as citizens, we can have an interest. No dealing in half-way measures certainly. Such a plan is liable to even more than the difficulties pointed out by Mrs. Gage; and I am convinced that the right of franchise secured to woman would enable her to do little to elevate herself, or to produce public good, unless all other political rights were also granted, and she could stand forth man's equal in the eyes of the law and society.

But I remember you do not like long articles, and will say adieu.

MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Mrs. Vaughan reads us a lecture for what she thinks a neglect of duty; and perhaps we deserve it. But we differ from her, and others, somewhat in our views of these things. She thinks constant warning and exhortation necessary to prevent women from social drinking. Now so far as our knowledge extends, there are no women so regardless of the welfare of their gentlemen friends, as to tempt them with poisonous beverages, except those whose husbands or fathers are addicted to its use. Warning and exhorting these, is of but little use, so long as woman's influence has so little weight as now. Take New-Year's day. There is not, we presume, a house where wine is served on that day, unless the master of the house loves the exhilarating draught himself. We have known of instances where the lady of the house would gladly have excluded wine from her table on that day,

but the master said no. He introduced his friends, and thought the refreshment complete without wine. We have known introduced at parties where the lady of the party was a pledged member of a temperance society; but instead of her refusing the refreshments, the husband introduced his liquors as a part of the entertainment. What will warning and exhortation accomplish in such cases, so long as woman considers herself man's inferior and subject, takes his will for her law? Nothing at all! Woman must first learn what her rights and duties are, and that she is not to be the mere echo or slave of man, before she can be master of her own household.

True there are many women, and young ladies, who have no compunctions of conscience about serving liquors to their guests; but this is owing much to the influences by which they are surrounded, and to the fact that their husbands and fathers set the example, and encourage the practice. Their attention has never been seriously called to the subject, and they have no realizing sense of the enormity of their guilt.

But how are we to get their attention? how convince them of the great wrong they are committing? They will not attend temperance meetings, join our societies, or Unions, or read temperance papers. How then can we prevent the evil they are doing? We answer, by removing the means beyond their reach, and compelling them to desist from their work of death. We know of no other way to reach them. We may "warn and exhort," but they will not heed, for they do not hear us. We do not know the views of all our readers on this subject, but we know they are an intelligent, honest, high-minded class, and so we set them all down as enemies to the liquor traffic. Such do not need the warnings which sister Vaughan urges us to give, but they do need exhorting and scolding, and to be taught their duty in this matter.

We have become so dissatisfied with the results which have followed the means ordinarily made use of for the furtherance of our cause—so convinced of the inefficiency of organizations and resolutions alone, to stay the desolating tide, that we have looked about for some more effectual mode of warfare. Our hopes have rested upon woman; upon the true women of our land—and we have endeavored to open her eyes to a sense of the wrong she endures, and the rights of which she is deprived—knowing well that if we could fully arouse her on this subject a spirit would be stirred within her which would not long submit to the indignities and sufferings which cruel laws and customs have heaped upon her, by letting loose the monster intemperance to riot upon her affections, and blast her fondest hopes. Our appeals are to temperance women, and not to the thoughtless, careless, social drinker. To her our appeals would be in vain, for she will not hear them.

Temperance men and women are to blame for the longer existence of the evil, and they are the ones who should be exhorted. The efforts of both should be directed toward the obtaining a prohibitory law. It is only by legislation that we

triumph of our cause; and woman the necessity not only of a prohibitory law, but in case of any manner submitted to the "rapping" her right to the elective franchise is only in this way that she can have any real, permanent good.

THE "RAPPERS."

My friend, C. H. DeWolf, who has just returned from his travels through Great Britain and the Continent, pays his respects to us in the shape of a good scolding at Mrs. Swisshelm and myself for quarrelling. He calls us "naughty, stubborn, quarrelsome-DEARS," and says if he had the courage he would give us both a "switching." His charges against Mrs. Swisshelm are, that she "pokes fun at the 'Bloomer costume,' blows up the Spirits, and does not agree with the Woman's Rights Conventions." Of us he complains for "bitting the 'rappers' a rap, and firing chain-shot into the Visitor's camp." He says if he had us for him, he would give us "such evidence of 'rappings,' as would convince us to a demonstration;" and adds, "you will both have to believe it if you live two years longer, or we are deceived by your discrimination, good sense and honesty."

Now Charles it is too bad in you to read us such a lecture. We did not mean to quarrel with Mrs. Swisshelm—indeed we did not. But she is very naughty, and when she saw our doings held up as a mark for the scoffs, and jeers, and sneers of the enemy, instead of coming to our defence, or standing neutral, she joined her forces with those of the adversary and dealt the unkindest blows of all. We only defended ourself from her attacks, and told her it was not well for those who lived in glass houses to throw stones. The wise ones say it was jealousy that prompted her to make the onslaught upon us, but we do not believe it; for surely so great a woman can have no fears of being eclipsed by such a lesser light as poor we.

But in whatever else we may differ from our gifted cotemporary, we agree with her entirely about the "rappings,"—only we cannot see how talking so much about them is going to "awaken public attention to the legal and social disadvantages under which woman labors." We consider the subject of too little importance—too much of a humbug, to spend much breath upon. Indeed, my friend Charles, we are sorry that you are a dupe of this deception. We do not write you down a "nanny," but think you are a little "be-fogged," or unsettled in the "upper story" on this subject. Instead of our being convinced of the truth of the "rappings" in two years, you will in that time disbelieve it all, and write it down a gross deception. You have not the "discrimination, good sense and honesty" we give you credit for. We will not believe in these lying spirits, and so you may think of us just as you please. If spirits have any message for us, they must come openly and honestly and deliver it, and not skulk round untables, and chairs, and get behind walls and pop it out. We will not listen to any such vagaries. If spirits at all, they are spirits of evil, have escaped from their prison, and are going about working mischief, and frightening silly persons. They should be caught, and chained,

and returned to the regions of darkness. Our friends who have gone to the spirit world, were sensible people while sojourning in the flesh, and we cannot believe that they have since become fools, unless we change our faith, and all our former ideas of that better land. We look upon spirits as enjoying a higher degree of intelligence than do we poor mortals; how then can we believe them guilty of practices which while in the flesh they would have scorned to take part in? No, no, Charles, you cannot make a convert of us; and you can give us a "piece of your mind" as soon as you like; but may be you will get the worst of it, if you come here to quarrel with us, so we advise you to keep away, or else just leave the "Spirits" at home when you come.

THE NEW COSTUME IN NEW-YORK.

Mrs. STANTON, writing us from New-York, says:—"I have been in the metropolis several days; have walked the streets, rode in the omnibus, &c. and have met with nothing in any way unpleasant. The people look at us, to be sure, but that is nothing. We went over to New-Jersey on Saturday. The Ferry Boats and Depots were crowded; but not one disrespectful word was said. We have been taken for Hungarians."

We all went to church yesterday, and were treated with marked politeness. The talk about it being dangerous to walk the streets in the new costume is, as I told you, all humbug! I have not time to write a letter for the LILY, but drop this to let you know that I am safe and well.

This number completes the third volume of THE LILY. We have no "good-byes" to utter, as we expect to greet all our subscribers again with a "Happy New Year," on the first of January, 1852. We hope they will not only send in their own names as early as possible, but also as many new ones as they can obtain. Those who feel an interest in such a publication as ours, must do what they can to sustain it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARKMAN, O. Nov. 1851.

Mrs. BLOOMER.—Dear Madam:—Good morning to thee, most amiable, but somewhat eccentric genius of the LILY. Health and contentment be yours. May you live as many lives as a cat; and may each life be lengthened out to three score years and ten.

My spirit has gathered strength from yours, and my heart beats lighter amid its cares and sufferings. May Hope, Truth and Right, all beautifully and firmly interlaced together, by the golden threads of human love and sympathy, continue, as heretofore, to irradiate thy LILY's unfolding leaves.

"But yet the world goes round and round,
And the genial seasons run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

There are moments when your spirit sinks within you, when a solemn and mysterious sadness gathers around your heart, and you feel half inclined to lay aside your pen, and seek out some quiet corner of the world, where you can pass through life, like the mass of ordinary mortals, uncaring and uncared for, unknowing and unknown. These feelings come over you, when your mind's eye glides off upon a ray of spiritual light, and you catch a glimpse of the field upon which you have entered, and of the lions

which lie between you and your ultimate goal. Startled by its seeming solitude and loneliness, your first impulse is to turn back; to abandon the position of a pioneer, and fall in among the crowd, which throngs the ordinary paths of life. Entranced by an impulse as strange as unaccountable, you pause for a brief moment, as if doubting your personal identity, and wondering whether you still retain possession of your reasoning faculties.

You find that you are not alone. Voices, truthful, loving and familiar voices are whispering around you. Eyes, beaming with confidence and affection, respond to your earnest and wondering gaze. The field before you ceases to wear an aspect of desolation. It is not a barren waste—it is thronging with inhabitants, and yours is the audible voice through which ten thousand kindred spirits must find utterance. All cannot speak, but all must feel; and those who can speak have ten-fold duties to perform. For what blessing ought we to be more thankful, than for the faculty of talking, of making ourselves, our joys and sorrows, our wants and wishes, our blessings, and our sufferings understood? A great mind, in giving utterance to its own emotions, represents a silent multitude. It is a blessing to the world so long as it remains true to the impulses of a pure and unselfish nature; but when it abandons the position of a representative, and assumes that of a leader, its influence, instead of being salutary and world-wide, becomes impure, and must needs flow in a narrow channel.

Believe me thy friend,

HARRIET N. TORREY.

We thank our friend Harriet for her good wishes, but we pray to be excused from the very long life, she asks for us, unless the world becomes better, and we are relieved from our present laborious duties. Query:—Can some one tell us, how many lives a cat lives? that we may calculate on the probable number of our days.

We think Harriet must be a clairvoyant, or has had communication with the "rappers," to thus be able to read the thoughts of our heart, and describe the feelings of one who is personally unknown to her. If the "spirits," have told her all this, we shall be obliged to take back what we have said against their veracity, for in this instance they have spoken truly. We give Harriet a hearty welcome to our circle of valued friends, and feel that we shall be the gainer by the acquisition. Her's is one of the "truthful, loving, and familiar voices," which whisper around and cheer us on our course. We hear many such whisperings, and enjoy many sweet communings, with these dear, though distant friends.

We have on hand several long articles, which we have not room for this month, and probably shall not publish at all. There is more matter sent us than we can possibly find room for in our little paper; and however glad we might be to gratify all our friends, we are under the necessity of selecting what pleases us most, and rejecting the rest.

We hope to be able to give those of our readers who are interested in the new costume, a plate of fashions for winter, in our January number. It should have been forthcoming in this number, but the delay is unavoidable.

M. E. will please pardon us for neglecting to return thanks for the lines addressed to ourself. Her kindness is fully appreciated. Such tokens of respect lighten our labors, and cheer us in our hours of despondency.

From the Olive Branch.

THE POOR DRUNKARD—SAVE HIM.

Oh! give him not the bowl!
That cruel drink of death;
Think of his deathless soul—
Hear what Jehovah saith,
"No drunkard shall my kingdom see
Or with the saints in glory be!"

Oh! give him not that drink,
Which helps his soul to die!
But save him on the brink,
And win him for the sky,
Or will you give him still the bowl,
That wrecks his body, damn's his soul?

Oh! give him not that cup,
He is thy fellow man;
Then rather bear him up,
And save him if you can.
He craves—he raves—he begs—but why
Will you assist his soul to die?

Then give him not the bowl:
Or will you give it still?
Then on your guilty soul
Shall burning woes distil.
Look at your skirts!—look everywhere—
The blood!—the blood of souls is there!
Springville, Aug. 13, 1851.

COLD WATER BOY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A boy named Frank who had heard a great deal said about the evils of intemperance, was passing the door of a tavern kept by a man who drew a good deal of custom by his agreeable manners, and the pleasant way he had of talking to every one.—Frank was whistling a lively tune as he went by, and the landlord said to him in a pleasant way.

"Good morning my fine fellow.—Won't you step in and get something to drink?"

"I don't care if I do," said Frank.

And he straightened himself up, and walked with an erect air, as if he were a man, into the bar room.

"Well sir! What will you take?"—said the landlord. "A brandy punch, mint julep, sherry cobbler, or a hot whiskey punch?"

"I'll take a glass of Adam's ale, if you please landlord." "Yes—very good drink that, only a little too weak." And he poured Frank out a glass of pure, sparkling water, which Frank drank off with the air of one who enjoyed it.

"How does it taste?" inquired a tippler, thinking to throw the laugh upon Frank.

"Try a little, won't you?" said the boy with a serious face. "I'm sure you'll like the taste. It makes you feel good all over, nor hasn't a particle of headache or fever in it."

"Indeed, so you're a young teetotaler."

"I'm a cold water boy," said Frank, as he stepped back from the bar. "And in return for your compliment this morning, invite you to join our army. We'll make you captain."

A day or two afterwards, while Frank was passing Hartley's tavern again, the landlord happened to be at the door; and although sensible he had obtained rather the worst in his encounter with the cold water boy, felt very much inclined to have another passage of wits with him.

"Good morning! Good morning!—How are you, my little cold water friend?"

"Right well, I thank you," replied Frank.

"Won't you walk in?" said the landlord.

"No, I thank you," returned Frank.

"We've got some first rate Adam's ale. Wont you have a glass?"

"No, I believe not! I'd rather take it at the pump."

"From the old iron ladle?"

"Yes! That doesn't smell nor taste of brandy as your glass did!"

"As my glass did?"

"Your glass smelt rather strong, landlord: and the taste of the brandy completely spoiled the water."

"Did it, indeed? I'm sorry. But come in, come in! I want to talk with you. You're an odd sort of a fellow.—We'll have a glass washed so clean that you will neither taste or smell brandy."

"I don't think you can," replied Frank. "Hot water will hardly scald out the taste of the vile stuff."

"Vile stuff! Why do you call brandy vile?"

"Because it makes wise men fools, and strong men as weak as babies. Was it not brandy, or gin, or some of this vile stuff, as I call it, that made Mr. Perkins strike his wife and kill her? You know that he is now in prison, and like to have been hung?"

"He was drunk."

"Water did not make him drunk. I go to the pump and take ladle after ladle of the clear, cold water: but I was never drunk in my life."

"Nor do people who drink brandy get drunk, unless they drink too much."

"But why do they drink at all?" asked Frank growing serious.

"Because they are dry."

"Water would answer a better purpose, and they might drink a gallon of it without getting drunk. And then, you know, it is so much cheaper."

"O, yes. But if every body drank water only, we landlords should starve."

Frank only shrugged his shoulders.

"Well my young cold-water man, what do you say to that?"

"Why replied Frank with a smile, "it would be much better for a few landlords to starve, or get into some useful calling, than for a hundred thousand persons to die every year from drunkenness."

"Who says a hundred thousand persons die drunkards every year?"

"O, I've always heard that."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, say fifty thousand, or even twenty thousand. Isn't that number awful to think of?"

"The landlord's face became serious. While he stood musing, Frank said—

"Come down to the hall to-night, and you'll hear all about it."

"To the Temperance hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ho! wouldn't the folks start?"

"Suppose they did, would they do any harm?"

"Oh, no. I don't care for that."

"Just say you'll come, won't you?—say it for my sake. I know that if you really saw that you were doing evil in the world, you wouldn't sell another drop of brandy. Won't you come?"

"O, yes, I'll come, if it's just to please you. It can do no harm."

And Hartley was as good as his word.—It so happened that a lecturer was exhibiting the appalling consequences of intemperance, and he read from a pamphlet in his hand, statement after statement, of men in all positions, bearing upon the evils of drunkenness. Having done this, he went on to show, in the clearest manner, the responsibility of those engaged in the liquor traffic. The landlord was forced to think now, and he thought until his knees trembled.

The cold-water boy was there, and his eyes were for scarce a moment at a time, off the landlord. With pleasure did he observe the effect produced. But how gladly did all his pulses bound, when, after the lecturer sat down, Mr. Hartley deliberately rose and said—

"I have sold liquor for twenty years, and if all I have heard to-night be true, I have been the means of doing more evil, than the repentance of a thousand lives can atone for. But my eyes are now open, and seeing the dreadful consequences that follow this traffic, I do hereby solemnly pledge myself, to pour all the liquid poison in my bar-room and cellar, into the street at sunrise to-morrow morning."

TERRIBLE DEATH.

The Russellville (Ky.) Herald gives the following horrid account of the burning of a poor woman, —

"On Friday night, the 8th inst., Mrs. Elizabeth Smith residing in the north-west corner of the city, fell into the fire-place, and was consumed, and a small stick of wood was on fire, and when found, her body was consumed except a small portion of her spinal bone, thigh and foot, and a portion of the other thigh and foot, consumed. When discovered, she was lying on the hearth, and emitting a strong blaze, very much resembling that given by the burning of an oily substance. Water was immediately thrown upon the fiery mass, which seemed to have extinguished it for a moment, but which immediately ignited again; and an additional application of water was required before the blaze was extinguished. The remains were then examined, when it was found that the entire body and frame, with the exceptions above named, were entirely consumed, leaving only a substance, resembling coals of burnt leather, perfectly black and porous, with a shining and glistening surface. As there was not sufficient coals of the fire to have consumed the body in one or two hours, it is supposed that rapid combustion was occasioned by the free use of ardent spirits, which she indulged."

HINTS TO MOTHERS.—If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure when they come to church, or visit, or any other place where you not accompany them, to ply them with questions concerning what every body wore, how every body looked, and what every body said and did; and if you find any thing in all this to censure, ways do it in their hearing. You may regret, red, if you pursue a course of this kind, they not return to you unladen with intelligence; rather than it should be uninteresting, they by degrees, learn to embellish in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you. You will, by the course, render the spirit of curiosity—which is an early visible in children, and which, if rightly directed, may be made the instrument of enriching and enlarging their mind—a vehicle of mischief, which shall serve only to narrow them.

[American Courier.]

Two little girls were deserted on Thursday by their inhuman mother, who turned them into the public streets to shirk for themselves, during the violent rain storm. They wandered to the ship yard, foot of Sixth street, East River, where they were found by the Eleventh Ward Police, who procured them comfortable quarters for the night. Yesterday morning the little creatures were transferred to the Alms House.

[N. Y. Times.]

Poverty made that mother inhuman, and den shops and unlimited monopoly, made her poverty, and the government licensed the dram-shops and monopoly. Ergo, the government is the master criminal.

[Common Leader.]

The N. B. Synod of New York and New Jersey at its recent meeting, passed a resolution fully commending the Maine law.

There is in Waterville College a temperance society in successful operation, and the students almost to a man, have connected themselves with it.

In Sweden, it is said, when a man is drunk for a third time he is deprived of his vote in this country some men can't vote the time without getting drunk.

P. T. Barnum, the Rochester Statesman says, will be nominated for next Governor of Connecticut, by the Temperance, and also by the Democratic party of that State.

